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Poetry.

The Forsaken to the False One.

BY T. H. BAILEY.

I dare thee to forget me!
Go wander where thou wilt—
Thy hand upon the vessel's helm,
Or on the sailor's hilt;
Away thou'lt free our land and sea:
Go rush to danger's brink!
But oh, thou canst not fly from thought:
Thy curse shall be—no think!

Remember me, remember all—
My long enduring love,
That linked itself to perdition:
The Vulture and the Dove.
Remember in thy utmost need,
I never once did shrink,
But clung to thee confidently;
Thy curse shall be—no think!

Then go! that thought will render thee
A dastard in the fight,
That thought when thou art tempest tossed,
Will fill thee with affright;
In some wild dungeon may'st thou lie,
And counting each cold link
That binds thee to captivity,
Thy curse shall be—no think!

Go seek the merry banquet hall,
Where younger maidens bloom,
The thought of me shall make thee there
Endure a deeper gloom,
That thought shall turn the festive cup
To poison while you drink,
And while false smiles are on thy cheek,
Thy curse will be—no think!

Forget me! false one, howe'er it not!
Where minstrels touch the string,
The memory of other days
Will grieve thee while they sing;
The airs I used to love, will make
Thy coward conscience shrink,
Aye, every note will have its sting;
Thy curse will be—no think!

Forget me! No, that shall not be!
Mill haunts thee in thy sleep—
In dreams thou'lt cling to slimy rocks,
That crumble to the deep;
Thou'lt shriek for aid! as fables are,
Shall hurt thee from the brink,
And when thou wak'st in wild dismay,
Thy curse will be—no think!

Select Tale.

From the Wayne County Standard.

THE SILVER LUTE.

OR, THE GIPSEY SINGERS.

BY MISS MARIETTA V. FULLER.

A merry party were gathered around the tall May-pole, which, decked with flower garlands and streaming with gay ribbons, arose from the centre of the village green. Happy swains were there contented for the while but to gaze upon the group of buxom, rosy-cheeked maidens, who were busy wreathing coronets for their May Queen. Bursts of laughter, and strains of lively music, rang out upon the air, fragrant with the perfume of early blossoms. Gladness sat upon every youthful brow, and happiness upon each red and smiling lip; whilst the furtive and tell-tale glances which stole from the bright eyes of the blushing maidens, told much to embolden the bashful swains, who dared not to breathe the ill concealed secret, which look and tone unwittingly betrayed.

The last rays of the departing sun streamed upon the festive scene; the brightest, perhaps, in the whole of merry England, which is not now as it was then. For England was then "merry England," when the free and hardy outlaws roamed through the depths of dark forests, when the barons regaled their honest peasantry with staunch old ale and good substantial beef; and when the world boasted not another such a race as were the hardy subjects of "Queen Bess."

A roving horde of Gipsies were now upon the green, a short distance from the revellers, throwing their tamborines, jingling their silver bells, and dancing and singing to the great annoyance of those villagers who were not engaged around the May-pole. A little apart from the rest, was a Gipsy woman, apparently some twenty-eight or thirty years of age, though she might have been younger. A short shaggy cloak, depending from her shoulders, together with a bright purple handkerchief, twisted carelessly around her head, gave her a singularly wild and fantastic appearance. She was a very handsome woman, her dark though clear complexion suiting well her brilliant eyes and raven hair. Her form was stately, and there was an expression of pride on her still beautiful lip. She held a silver lute, of rare and ex-

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quisite workmanship, and the fingers were taper and small, that wandered among the chords, as she sung a plaintive melody, in a low and touchingly sweet voice.

Her only listener was a child, about six years of age, habited as a peasant, though her delicate form and sweet intellectual face, might well belie her humble garb. The song of the Gipsy woman seemed to touch a strange chord in her heart, for her bright lips were parted with the intensity of feeling, and the light of some new enthusiasm was in the large, languishing eyes, which were cast upon the ground, as a pearly tear broke from the long lashes which shaded them. The woman, too, seemed agitated; but she still continued her low, sad melody, till she saw that the feelings of the child were wrought to the highest pitch of excitement, when suddenly ceasing, she said, in tones of winning softness:

"Come with me, sweet one, and I will always sing to you, and this, too, shall be yours; all your own," and she pointed to the lute which she held.

The child looked wonderingly upon the speaker, who was smiling sweetly, though in her restless eye the deepest anxiety was depicted, and then turned her gaze wistfully upon the lute, whose notes had so enchanted her.

"Isodene! Isodene! has not well nigh forgotten thy high duties?" and half a dozen smiling maidens approached and placed in the hands of the child the coronet of flowers which she was to bind on the brow of the May Queen.

The child turned away reluctantly and joined the gay group, which in a moment more were dancing merrily upon the bright green sward.

"Isodene!" repeated the woman slowly and musingly, "yes, yes, it must be so."

Placing her hand upon her brow, she remained for a few moments in deep thought; then arising, she approached a group of peasantry who were watching the progress of the dance, and said:

"Can any one tell me who is yon dark eyed little lass whom they call Isodene?"

"Aye, that we can," responded one of their number. "She is the child of our neighbor Leifin, and his dame Margary. A sweeter, kinder little angel never lived; and right proud they are of her, though there are many that do not stop to say that she is no kith nor kin of theirs. And well they might, for those dainty limbs and fairy motions become not lowly blood like ours."

The Gipsy woman appeared satisfied, and turning away, resumed her seat upon the smooth, rich turf, gazing listlessly upon the blithesome group of revellers who thronged around the May-pole.

With the first dawn of light, the Gipsy horde were on their way, leaving the village green still and alone, which the day before teemed with a glad and noisy throng. But the strange woman with the lute lingered behind. Noon came, and she was still in the village, wandering around, though she never lost sight of the low roofed cottage where dwelt Isodene. When at length old Leifin and his wife left with their little stock of thread and vegetables, which they daily disposed of further up the village, the Gipsy woman approached the cottage, which was left in the care of little Isodene, and beckoning her to her, said:

"Come, pretty one, and sit beneath this tree, whilst I sing again to you."

The child approached the singing woman, and smiled as she obeyed, whilst the Gipsy, touching the lute, first sang a wild, broken Gipsy song. When she had finished, she placed her arm around the child and drawing her towards her, asked:

"Are you fond of music, sweet one?"

"Oh, very, very," answered she, enthusiastically. "I wish you would sing again the song that you sang yesterday, it seems to me as if I had heard it before, a long time ago, in a dream or sometime."

"Are your parents kind to you, continued the woman.

"Oh yes! but sometimes they are very harsh, and say that I am not their daughter; afterwards they are pleasant again, and bid me not repeat what they said whilst they were angry. I told you because I love you."

"Well dear, if you love me, are you not willing to go with me? You shall have fine clothes and see fine countries, and I will always be very kind to you, and teach you to play upon the lute. Will you not go?"

"I love you very much, and I love the pretty lute, but I cannot leave my parents."

Again the slender fingers of the Gipsy woman touched the lute, and a low and witchingly sweet prelude rose upon the quiet air. Then the voice of the player mingled with the exquisite strains, and swelled into a fuller tone of harmony, as the broken words of a childish melody, with which mothers are wont to quiet their children, rose upon the air. As she sang, the Gipsy's eye fell upon the little Isodene, who had slid from her embrace, and now lay crouched at her feet, with quivering lip and tearful eye, her whole soul wrapped in the music spell which chained her senses.

Stooping down, she smoothed the ringlets from the fair brow of the child, as she whispered:

"Will you go with me?"

"I cannot leave my parents," was the answer.

A tear stood in the Gipsy's eye, and her hand and voice trembled, as she sang a mournful strain, as of a mother grieving for her lost child. It seemed to operate with magic effect upon the heart of little Isodene, who arose, and placing her hand in that of the woman, looked up confidently as she said:

"I will go with you and you shall be my mother."

"Haste, then, sweet one, before your parents return; and remember you must not be called Isodene, but Zaila, the Gipsy's daughter."

"And may I not call you mother, and may not this pretty lute be mine," said the child eagerly. "Yes, yes, every thing you wish. But we must haste from here before your parents return," was the reply.

"It was not without many tears, however, that little Isodene, now Zaila, left forever the home of her childhood; but she was too young to grieve long, and was soon laughing and chatting merrily, as she ran by the side of her new found friend. Never having been far from the cottage of her parents, every thing she beheld was full of interest, and it was with childish delight and eagerness, that she chased the gay butterflies or plucked the flowers which brightened her path. Occupied with every thing around, she felt not the fatigue of her long walk, till twilight appeared, and her conductress still journeyed on. As the darkness increased, she crept closer to the side of the Gipsy, and clasping her hand tighter, said:

"Dear mother, I am very tired and lonely. I wish we could be there now; don't you?"

"Be where, child?"

"To our new home in the green woods, where every thing is pretty."

"Well, sweet one, we soon shall be," replied the Gipsy, but finding that sleep was overpowering the wearied child, she took her in her arms, where she soon fell into a gentle slumber.

We will not attempt to picture the grief of old Leifin and his wife, when search for their child proved unavailing; nor how the memory of the sweet and gentle little Isodene lingered in the hearts of the honest villagers, but follow her new fortunes as those of Zaila the Gipsy.

When Zaila awoke, she found herself lying upon a pallet spread on the ground, over which was erected a tent to shield her from the night dew. The tears came into her eyes at the thought of the pleasant home she had forsaken, but the remembrance of the lute and kind face of her Gipsy mother, soon banished them, and creeping to the opening of the tent, where she heard voices, looked out. Mute with wonder, she gazed upon the curious and mixed up scene before her. The whole band of Gipsies which she had seen upon the green the day before, were collected there in the dim forest. Large fires were casting their flickering light around; and whilst some of the women were busy, preparing for a feast the many delicacies which they had stolen from the country roundabout; the rest of the party were drinking, singing, dancing, and indulging in every species of boisterous mirth. The child shrank back, for their rude revelry and wild, uncouth looks frightened her, and called in a low, half fearful tone, for her mother.

In a moment the watchful Gipsy was by her side, soothing her with kind words and having first brought to her a plate of dainty food, she folded her arms about her, and lay down to sleep.

When Zaila next woke, the sun was shining in cheerily at the tent door. Her mother had risen and was busy preparing a suit of Gipsy apparel for her little charge. When she had at-

tired her in these and stained her skin of a darker hue with the juice of a nut which she carried with her, the Gipsy led Zaila to the banks of a little lake near which they were encamped, and bade her view herself in its clear depths.

"And how does my sweet daughter like her Gipsy looks," said the woman, as she smoothed back the silken ringlets from Zaila's brow, and tied a large straw hat upon her head, bidding her run and gather flowers to form a wreath for her hair.

The society around was wild and beautiful, and the heart of the child leaped for joy as she bounded down into the green hollow to pluck the sweet blossoms, upon which the dew was yet glistening.

It was strange with what a yearning tenderness and fond anxiety the Gipsy woman watched over the child of her adoption; how she studied each look and motion with most affectionate solicitude, and shielded her from every blight which might fall upon her. Not a rude jest or coarse remark, did she ever allow to be uttered in the presence of the gentle child, who was looked upon as a visitant angel, by the wild and uncultivated creatures who formed the tribe. Nor was the lute woman, as they called her, regarded with less veneration, her word being law, and the same reverence being paid to her, that they would pay to a superior being. Zaila was learned to be an ardent admirer of nature, for the Gipsy woman never failed to point out each half hidden beauty, and lovely tint of the surpassingly beautiful scenes through which they daily passed. The music of the birds and trees and breezes, filled her heart with delight, and she never tired of gazing upon the softened loveliness of meadow & brook, or the lofty grandeur of rocks, cataraacts and towering mountains. Thus did she grow up with a warm and imaginative heart; the most delicate fancy and keenest sensibility; a pure and lovely heart full of gentle sympathies and kindly impulses.

The passion for music which she had shown, when she first heard the song of her new called mother, had grown into perfect enthusiasm. Assisted by the instruction of her mother, she was soon able to call forth the most soft and exquisite strains from the lute, which was now resigned to her. She also possessed an uncommonly sweet voice, which daily cultivated had brought to a still greater degree of perfection.

As the graces of Zaila's mind, so did those of her person each day more fully develop, till, at length, when she reached the years of maidenhood, a creature of more perfect loveliness could scarcely be imagined.

Always guarded in some wild yet tasteful way, with her long raven tresses wreathed with flowers, and her lute in her hand, she looked like some sylph of the wild-wood, come to weave her spell of enchantment and vanish. Her eyes, of the darkest possible hue, were large and languishingly soft; all the depth and tenderness of her nature beaming through the silken lashes which shaded them, and laid upon the rich color of her cheek, as the dark fringe of a pearl-cloud canopy lays upon the glowing bosom of sun-set. Her beautifully formed mouth, ever wreathed with pride or tenderness, gave a spirit expression to the sweet repose of her classic features. Hands and feet of fairy delicacy belonged to a slight but exquisitely proportioned form, which bent into a thousand graceful attitudes, with the play of her fancy, as the gentle wild-flower bends to the breath of the evening zephyrs.

Proud, indeed, was the smile in the eye of the mother, as she gazed upon this child of her adoption, whose beauty and goodness well repaid her devoted and idolizing love. Wandering, as they were, amid new and strange scenes, Zaila gradually forgot those of her early childhood, or if ever a dim recollection of the past came upon her mind, the suggestion of her parent that it was some half remembered dream of other days, satisfied her.

The fairs of the wonderful loveliness and beauty of the young Gipsy Singer had spread over half of Europe, the door of the prince and peasant was willingly thrown open to her.

In one of their rambles through England the Gipsy horde to which Zaila was attached, encamped near one of the most beautiful and stately castles in the country. A message was sent for the singer and her lute to appear at the castle. Against her usual custom, Zaila's mother refused to accom-

pany her, and not till she heard that the lord of the castle was absent, would she approach.

When they arrived, they were shown from the grand entrance hall into an elegant apartment, fitted up as a lady's boudoir.—Fountains, whose showers of snow-wreathed spray, gave a delicious coolness to the air; exotics, of the most beautiful forms and brilliant colors; rare singing birds, of gorgeous plumage, books, on richly bound and glittering vellum; every thing in the most splendid profusion, served to make it a little paradise of luxury.

Before the entrance of those whom they were to entertain, the Gipsy took the lute from Zaila's hand, and sang the same plaintive melody that won the heart of little Isodene, now her child. Whilst she was singing, Zaila seated herself upon an ottoman at her feet, and with her hand upon her brow, remained in deep thought. When the song was finished, she looked up into her mother's face.

"Mother," said she, "it must be a strange fancy of mine, but there comes upon my memory, like a vision of a dream, the remembrance of a scene like this; with a fond, and tender, and beautiful being hanging over me, humming the very words which you have just concluded. And her face was like yours, dear Mother, only younger and lovelier; there was a tall, noble-looking man, too, who ever had kind words and smiles for you and me. It is very strange is it not?"

"Pooh! child, it is only your romantic dreamings; you must not indulge in them," said the woman, but her face was pale and agitated.

"But mother"—here Zaila was interrupted by the entrance of a lovely girl, a fitting occupant for the splendid apartment which seemed her home.

"Shall I sing of love and romance, fair lady?" said Zaila, running her finger lightly over the lute strings.

"It were the only subject worthy our attention, for war's sounding themes better befit the harder sex," said the lady, smiling.

And Zaila sang a ballad, entitled "Love and Beauty," in which she adroitly mingled a few compliments to the listener.

With expressions of admiration at the perfection of the singer in her art, the lady drew a ring from her finger and placed it upon Zaila's, childishly toying with the small hand which was held out to her.

"Are you the wife of Count Lelingford, the lord of this castle?" said the Gipsy, as they were about withdrawing.

This was said in a careless tone, but there was a wild anxiety in the look of the speaker, that attracted the attention of the lady as she replied, "that she was only his niece."

The Gipsy moved away muttering, "not yet, not yet, but the time shall come"—and suddenly checking herself, she turned with a forced smile to the lady, apologising for her inquisitiveness.

A short time after this, as their encampment was fixed on the border of a forest, Zaila took her lute, to wander, as was her wont, in search of flowers, attracted by the beauty of the scenery she wandered on, heedless of the distance, till suddenly she emerged into a scene of such wild loveliness, as chained her spell-bound to the spot. On one side, a huge mass of black, towering rocks, rose up against the bright-blue sky, and from their topmost heights there dashed a roaring cataract, which, leaping from crag to crag, whirled round and round as it reached the bottom, dashing the feathery spray high in the air, and then glided smoothly on into the bosom of a silvery stream, which wound through a little glen, whose rich turf was spotted with wild flowers.—The bright sun, which was just peeping out from beneath a dark cloud in the western horizon, threw his glittering beams upon the rock, changing the tumbling waters and white spray into a thousand varying tints of rainbow splendor.

But there was one object in that wide and beautiful scene, that Zaila noticed not. Concealed from sight by a huge tree, stood a young courtier, attired as a hunter, with his bow and arrow flung upon the ground, and his faithful dog lying at his feet. He, too, had been admiring the landscape, but when his eye fell upon the lovely Gipsy, all else was forgotten. With hands clasped in delight, and her red lips parted, she stood, gazing upon the brilliant scene.

Her hat was off and hanging on her arm, and her unconfined tresses floated like a shadowy veil around her slight figure, some of them even kissing the dainty foot half buried in the bright green turf. The warm sunset heightened the bright vermilion of her cheek and the soft sparkle of her liquid eye, whilst nothing could equal the attitude of untutored grace in which she stood.

But suddenly was Zaila's rapt contemplation broke in upon, for an enormous wild boar came bounding through a neighboring thicket, and rushed directly towards her. A single shriek broke from her lips, and dropping lute and flowers, she stood still with a fright, whilst the raging animal neared her at each frantic bound. Pale and motionless as a statue, her feelings were too powerfully excited to allow her to seek relief in insensibility or flight. An age seemed to be condensed in the moment that elapsed, before an arrow sent with unerring aim, pierced the heart of the monster and laid him dead upon the ground. In a few moments, and recovering from her fright, she was gathering up her fallen flowers when the young hunter presented himself before her.

"And is it to you, Sir Knight of the Bow and Arrow, that I am indebted for my gallant rescue?" she said, gracefully presenting her hand in token of her gratitude.

"Happy, indeed, am I," replied he, removing his plumed cap, "if my poor hand has been of any service to such a beautiful maiden as thou; and shall pay a due debt of thanks to that kind fortune which has procured a tribute of gratitude from such sweet lips. But surely, thou wouldst have been taken for the Goddess of this fair spot, with silver lute and flower-garlands, had not thy shriek betrayed that thou wert one of mortal mould!"

"Nay! Sir Knight, no sylph of the wildwood, but plain Zaila, the Gipsy Singer, Now who art thou?"

"Henry, the Hunter of the Forest," he said, smiling at her simplicity, "but if thou art the wonderful Gipsy Singer, I have a request to make."

"Of a song of course," said Zaila, and seating herself at the foot of a gnarled and twisted oak, she threw off her hat and tuned the lute.

As strain after strain of the sweet gushing melody, quivered among the strings, and rising, was echoed by tree and rock, mingling with the dash of the cataract and murmur of the brook, she forgot time and place and listener, in the delight of her theme.

And there stood the young hunter, rapt as was she, in gazing upon the face of the beautiful enthusiast, in whose cheek the color was brightening, as the silken lashes rested tremblingly upon his rich velvet, or raising revealed the liquid light of the eye whose earnest gaze, seemed asking a new chord of melody from the music chorus of heaven.

As she arose from her seat on the turf, Zaila's eye encountered the restless but admiring gaze of the hunter, and a blush suffused her brow and bosom, and her glance sought the ground, as she strove to conceal her embarrassment by dallying with the ribbon on her hat.

The slender fingers of many a high born dame and noble lady, have I seen wandering among the lute-strings; but no hand was so delicate as thine, nor strains so divinely sweet," he said, in tones of undisguised admiration.

Used, as she was, to praise and flattery, his tones thrilled her heart with new and undefined emotions, and in her agitation, she dropped her hat at his feet. In a moment he was on his knee before her, presenting it to her; but not till he had disengaged the ribbon which bound it, and with her fingers, placed them in his bosom. This action brought all "Zaila's self-possession to her aid, and with flashing eye and haughty tone, she demanded that which he had taken.

"Nay, fair maiden, I meant thee no offence; but surely I shall be compelled to disbelieve the profession of gratitude, if thou dost still refuse so slight a token of remembrance to one who loves thee wholly. For, here on my bended knees I swear that no other image than—"

He ceased, for her to whom he was pouring forth his ardent vows, was bounding lightly away, gaily singing—

"I'm a merry, merry Gipsy lass,
And no other would I be,
Nor king, nor titled courtier,
Shall breathe his vows to me."

So, taking his bow and arrows, he departed, to dream of the lovely enchantress who had woven her spell around the chain of his destiny.

But though Zaila thus lightly fled from the vows of the handsome and noble-looking courtier, yet she could